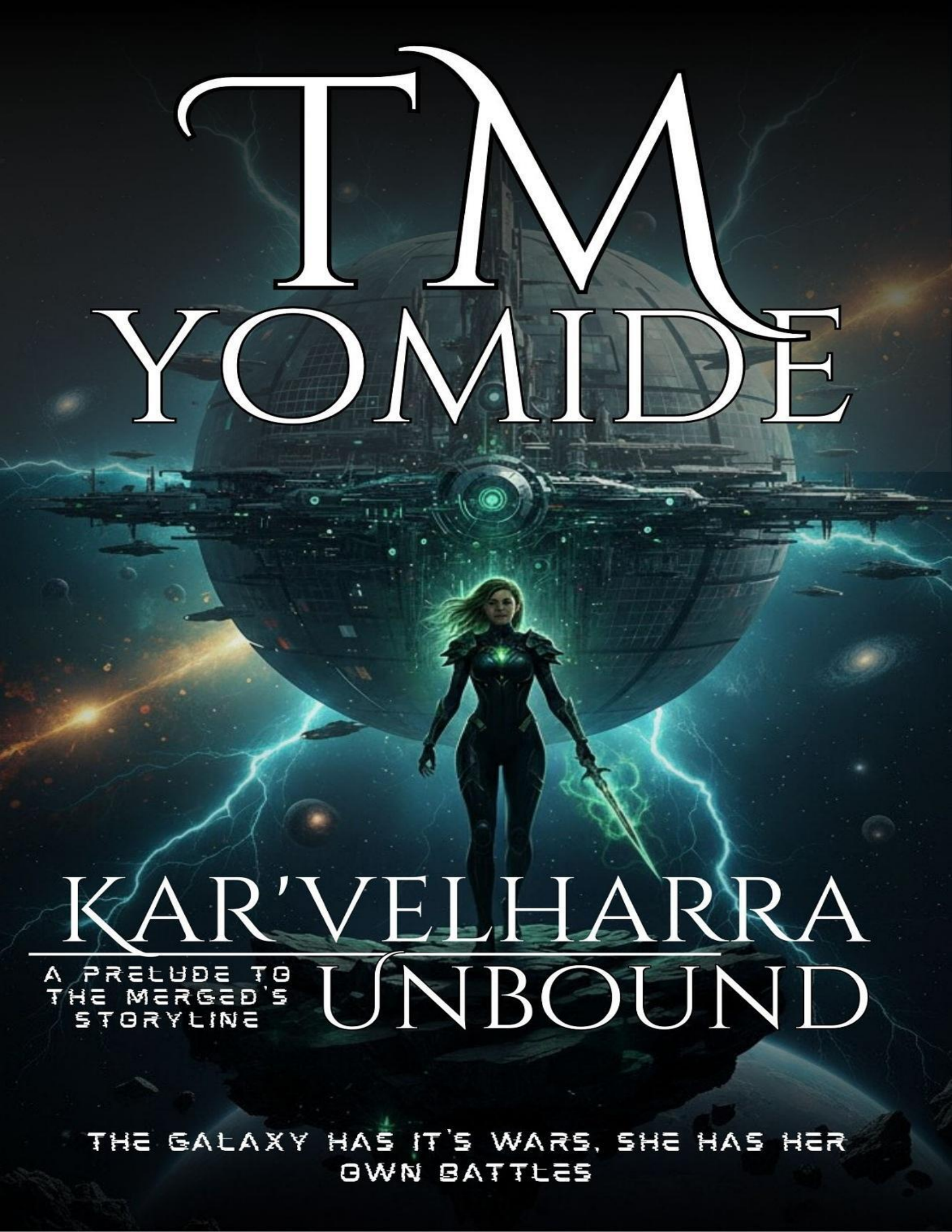
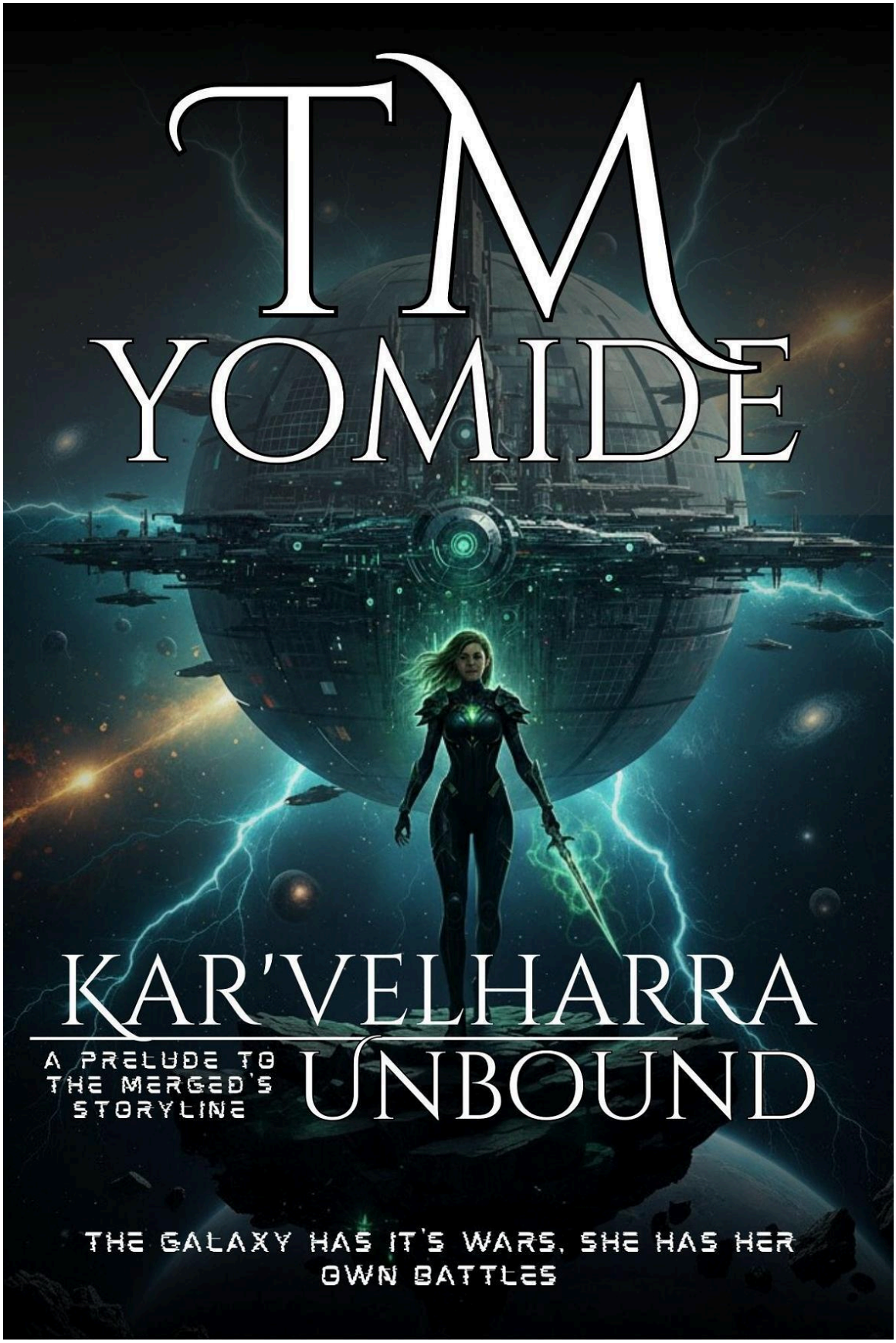

TM
YOMIDE
KAR'VELHARRA
UNBOUND
A PRELUDE TO THE MERGED'S STORYLINE
THE GALAXY HAS IT'S WARS, SHE HAS HER OWN BATTLES


TM
YOMIDE
KAR'VELHARRA
UNBOUND
A PRELUDE TO THE MERGED'S STORYLINE
THE GALAXY HAS IT'S WARS, SHE HAS HER OWN BATTLES

TM yomide

Karvelharra Unbound

Copyright © 2025 by TM yomide

TM yomide asserts the moral right to be identified as the author of this work.

Kar'velharra Unbound

© 2025 Chamber of Stone, TM Yomide books

This book is offered as a free gift to readers. You are welcome – and encouraged – to share it freely in its complete and unaltered form, whether digitally or in print. Graphic representation is very welcomed too; so long as it stays true to the author's work. However, it may not be sold, modified, or distributed for commercial purposes without the author's written permission.

This is a work of fiction. All names, characters, places, and events are products of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to

actual persons, living or dead, or real events is purely coincidental.

Distributed by Chamber of Stone

Chamber of Stone is an imprint of TM yomide books, Lagos Nigeria.

———

For more stories by TM Yomide, visit my page or my website
Contact the author for information press, ARC, and interviews:

tmyomide@gmail.com

"I am Unbreakable..."

First edition

This book was professionally typeset on Reedsy
Find out more at reedsy.com

Le who lost the fight…you're not alone

Contents

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

...

A Note from the Author

About the Author

Also by TM yomide

1.

LOCATION: Autonomous Research Facility B6, Quantum Technologies.

NEXUS POINT: Somewhere in Deep-Space.

TEMPORAL STAMP: Star date 106991.029 — Earth date 3914 AD

<< >>< << >>< << >>< << >>< << >>< << >>< >>< >> >>< >>

He thought about kicking the doors down, but his third knee wasn't that strong.

Gaul stormed into the office without a thought for pleasantries. And the moment his eyes fell on the Genniz brothers, his stutter vaporized and his voice deepened;

"You want to turn it on!?"

"Ah, Dr. Faulkner," Piim stood from his chair with his ever-present smile contrasting his twin's grim eyes. "Just the man I want to see, come come, Gaul, come."

“You want to turn the d-darn thing on!?” Gaul stood his ground, focused on everything but Piim’s smiles.

Piim turned to his brother with an open jaw; “Kriim, you didn’t tell me anything about turning anything on.”

Gaul groaned. Such fakers, they probably have a speech prepared to convince him. They never consider anything other than profit. But this time is different, the stakes are bigger. He hadn’t figured out how to bypass *Project TOK*’s power demand. Nor its malfunctioning *paradox index*.

He explained everything, and they still want to do a prototype trial.

“Look at him,” Kriim said, puffing a cloud of majentas into the air as he played chess on his Holoscreen. He didn’t need to turn before he knew Gaul had his face squeezed. And Piim was patiently waiting for the engineer to speak his mind.

“I told you not to hire a stupid stutter,” Kriim said, “How will he present Project TOK as the future of innovation when he can’t even convince us he isn’t an incompetent *Prigarian* slug?”

“Let the man talk, Kriim, come on.”

Gaul swelled. His sneakers were getting wet again and keeping his fingers from twitching was impossible this time. So much to say. So many points and insulting comebacks to give. But his lips failed him and his tongue declined his voice.

Humans, so egotistic. An average ten-year-old Prigarian brain works at twice the capability of these corporate fools. And they mock him.

“Gaul?” Piim said, with raised brows. He took a step closer and placed a gentle hand on him. “Look, Kriim ran the numbers and honestly, I’m at a loss. We both know he is never wrong.”

“Do you have any idea what Project TOK would mean for the company if we could turn it on for just three seconds? Billions, Gaul. Billions.”

“D-d…” Gaul swallowed hard. He held his breath, trying to make his survival instincts force his tongue into compliance. It took thirty seconds;

“Do you know what turning it on f-for one…” his tongue curled again, denying him a perfect impact. He pinched himself and forced, “…one second means without a powerful Ar…”

“Arcane source, yes, you made that very clear, Doctor.” Kriim snapped, still concentrated on his chess. It irked Gaul. Just the right amount of annoyance to jump-start his speech fluidity.

“The entire damn universe is at stake you stupid rich fuck. Where will you live if you destroy the flick…flicking universe?”

“Don’t get smurt, Gaul. We are still your bosses,” Piim said with a disapproving frown. He walked back to his table and slumped into his chair. Behind him is the vast expanse of space. Dark and cold. Filled with hundreds of asteroids

revolving around the autonomous research facility. Like a cosmic shield of rocks.

Piim hit a button on his desk and the entire office floor morphed into a viewport.

Gaul didn't look. This wasn't his first rodeo with Piim and the stakes were too great for his distraction tactics.

"This very office. The lab underneath us. All your 'brilliant' inventions in the sublevels. Everything is already wildly illegal, enough to encourage three anti-Arcane institutions to bust in with their C.O.D.E. squads. "

"Now you want us to go out of our discomfort, find an 'Arcane power source' that probably doesn't exist, thereby breaking intergalactic *CC-d* law. Wait, do you want the *Iron of the World* sniffing our asses?"

"All the more... reas-reas..." Gaul didn't get to finish.

"Yes, Gaul. I know. The universe, the multiverse, reality-something yada yada yada. You were very clear." Piim stood up, no smiles, no frowns. Just a man who rarely hears no for an answer.

"Now let me be clear."

"In two weeks, a lot of guests will dock in our hangar. You will accompany me to give them a tour of all your masterpiece inventions. And you will use that *mind comms* you hate so much to properly convince them that the multiverse is real

and very soon, Quantum Technologies will open the first doorway to whole new worlds."

Silence.

Gaul bit his tongue. Not that he could properly convey his words even if he wanted to. Kriim had won his game, he yawned lazily and walked to the viewport behind Piim. One hand in his pants, the other dusting off imaginary stains from his suit jacket.

"Dr. Faulkner?" Piim said just as Kriim puffed another cloud of majentas. A very subtle message.

"Yes, Mr Genn..." He swallowed, forcing the last syllable, "... Ge-Genniz."

Gaul marched down the long corridors. Bobbing up and down as his left third knee started acting up again. He slammed a fist on his thigh, shook his leg, and continued towards the hangar.

Project TOK wouldn't just open doors, it would create corridors between universes. And he has figured out how to

make it safe. Stable enough for complex biological traversing.

Two years ago, he tested a miniature prototype. It took the energy of a star, but it worked perfectly. Except for one unexplained anomaly.

At first, he thought it was a message intercepted from another universe. It wasn't. It took years but he figured it out. The multiverse itself was more fragile than any physicist could imagine and it was already cracked beyond his understanding.

Saying the multiverse was held together by a Prigarian tropic spiderweb would be relatively accurate.

Surely, TOK's nexus rings could navigate the cracks no problem. But without the required amount of power... He didn't even know what could happen.

Definitely worse than the temporal anomaly incident on Earth six years ago.

"Humans." He groaned. He should have known they would turn it on anyway. Now he must find an Arcane power source before his intelligence doomed all of existence.

2.

LOCATION: Arcane community hideout

NEXUS POINT: Unnamed star system.

TEMPORAL STAMP: Star date 106991.032 — Earth date 3914 AD

<< >>< << >>< << >>< << >>< << >>< << >>< >>< >> >>< >>

Earth had one thing almost no other planet in the galaxy had. A deep connection to the

cosmic threads that made creation – the ‘big bang’ – possible.

While science was still struggling to perfect the theories of time travel, these cosmic threads had mastered multiversal displacement eons ago.

Aconyx is living proof.

She tried to fight it, to force science into harnessing enough energy to take her back to her original spot in time and space. And she failed beautifully, with tremendous wonder.

So she walked. Far from every reminder of those threads. Far from her failure. Her purpose.

Like her, this moon used to have a name. Now the entire Star System was just another dot in the galaxy. Even its sun is now a white dwarf.

Just like her.

Here, on this nameless moon, Aconyx sat on a watch tower. Dangling her feet as she watched the white dwarf rising from the moon's haggard horizon. In about seventeen hours, the moon's planet would follow.

She exhaled into her breather, making a faint hiss in the process.

Below her was a thousand-year-old mining colony. At least it used to be. Now its atmospheric dome protects one hundred and forty-seven thousand, two hundred and five people from the hostility of the moon.

Aconyx looked down, subconsciously comparing it to Earth's atmosphere. The blue and white were almost alike, and the people down there were safer under its heroin-heavy byproduct than on Earth. Or any other planet in the galaxy.

At one point in time, thousands of years ago, they were called Sorcerers and mages.

Witches, sometimes magicians. Now, *Cinderslags*.

She smirked, thinking back to every time she was called that.

Whoever thought of that name was a genius.

A harmful byproduct of the cosmic threads that sewed time and reality into ‘the known universe’.

But they call themselves the *Arcane community*.

Aconyx scoffed. Pretty name for an army of cantankerous paranormals with the power to blow up a moon. Very few of them had a Harness that could do something like that, though. Even fewer could actually draw upon that power. Still, they are all marked for death.

Kill one and save a million lives across the galaxy.

A phrase that turned every paranormal into a raccoon. Lada Agapiya tried to make it right, and for all her genius, she failed without her army.

The Arcane community will probably fail too. She couldn’t care less.

She is one of those very few, though. But she had lost her Harness along with her fire.

Left with no will for rebellion or justice. Especially one that involves an intergalactic societal structure.

She's only here to disappear indefinitely. To stay dead for as long as she needed to figure out the 'what next' after her own epic fail. But of course, she'd need to pay rent.

Aconyx exhaled again, lazily spinning her dagger between her fingers. She let it slip through at a dangerous angle. Watching it drop slowly in the .25 gravity. It caught the white dwarf's glint just before it landed gracefully on her boot. Beautiful some would say.

But she couldn't see it, not anymore.

The Arcane community elders adopted her into the 'community' for one thing only. She could easily get their squad of fighters, *The Stingers*, to Earth, and she could get them into one of the most secure buildings on the Pacific Coast.

That is her rent and it is due in twenty hours.

She'd rather eat slurps in a lackluster prison in the bowels of Pentron-G than go back to Earth.

Except you'd be recognized and you'd be dead for real.

"What does Aconyx mean?"

She didn't need to look up to recognize Tam's voice in her comms. Captain of The Stingers, her handler, and a pain in her behind. He glided in front of her, bathing her features

with the purplish glow of his Arcane aura. Floating about like he was a kite in the summer breeze.

Aconyx didn't respond, though. If she could figure out which one of his bracelets was his Harness, she'd snap it and be done with his consistent drama. Or maybe break his breather. She sighed, letting the thoughts flow out with a hiss.

Tam floated closer, just an arm's length from her face.

"I thought your hair was dyed, but it isn't. Humans don't have the pigments for green hair." He flicked a strand of hair from her visor, taunting her to make a move. She didn't. Her eyes remained on the dagger balanced on her boot even though she wasn't looking at it.

Her hair was a deep brown at the roots. Fading softly into a radiant green that always, always, got attention. Just dying it would be all the disguise she needed even from a facial recognition program. But her Arcane depended on her hair as much as her Harness. Dye was not an option. Just like swatting Tam's hand wasn't an option when he picked her jaw like a child.

"I don't trust you."

Wow, I didn't notice. She sighed, staring blankly at the black visor of his breather. "Arcane bounty hunters are looking for your body like it is a barrel of Flam'ore. All we

know is your name. A name that isn't on any ID database. And somehow, you convinced the Elders to think you are our best shot at raiding Lada Agapiya's Tower."

Tam shook his head, "Horseshit, flicking horseshit."

As if on cue, a high command announcement beeped in her comms. Morse code. It didn't sound right. She listened twice more just to be sure.

The mission to Earth had been postponed in favor of a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

Premium access to one of Quantum Technologies' autonomous research facilities.

She looked at Tam, his purple aura had turned yellowish exhibiting his excitement.

Muscled maniacs are about to get steroids.

3.

LOCATION: Subbasement containment levels, Facility B6, Quantum Technologies.

NEXUS POINT: Somewhere in Deep-Space.

TEMPORAL STAMP: Star date 106991.043 — Earth date 3914 AD

<< >>< << >>< << >>< << >>< << >>< << >>< >>< >> >>< >>

She is looking at it. An involuntary chuckle escaped her lips as she touched the glass.

This is it. This is why I failed.

Standing before the viewport in Quantum Technologies' subbasement containment levels. Clad in their Highsecurity guards' biosuit with her dagger giving off a greenish

afterglow. Aconyx watched a prototype testing go beautifully wrong.

Or maybe it's bench testing.

Either way, it reignited her fire. Telling her that her failure wasn't fate or destiny. It was just a setback.

Aconyx smiled as she watched the cosmic threads lash out at scientists.

"Where's Aconyx!?" Tam's voice sounded over the comms. It irritated her ears, pulling her attention from the spectacle unfolding before her.

She didn't respond though. It was Lorn's voice that sounded next. Running. Panting and shaking as the subtle *thum-thum* of energy shots rang in the background.

"We split up and...and...I found the Cube but I lost her. I couldn't find her."

"I know you can hear me, Aconyx. Where the flick are you? It's time to blow outta he..." Aconyx slapped the manual override on her chest. Cutting off all connections: Tam and mission control back at the Arcane community.

The Stingers would be stuck in Quantum Technologies' hangar without their designated pilot – Aconyx – and she still couldn't care less.

This wasn't the plan. But did they think their raid was more important than this? Their rebellion compared to fulfilling her purpose?

She scoffed; *hells no.*

Outside the viewport, in the blackness of space, was a *containment sphere*. Wide as a small village, transparent, but more durable than an average atmospheric dome.

And inside the sphere was a platform of *Nexus Rings*. An advanced model of *The* Nexus Rings. An actual implementation of Project TOK.

Theorized and designed by the legendary Gaul Faulkner. A machine capable of drilling a doorway in time and space. Different from wormholes and warp cores. It was the first time travel theory that was actually feasible.

But Aconyx wasn't looking at the gigantic rings oscillating aggressively atop the platform.

Nor was she looking at the openings in the containment sphere, gradually leaking out air pressure.

The leaks got wider and one of the scientists got sucked out. She chuckled.

It didn't hold her attention, though. Nor did the Prigarian scientist who was crawling into the heart of the Nexus Rings. Probably trying to shut it off.

No. That wasn't why she ditched the Stingers.

Seven minutes ago she was looking for the Cube in the subbasement levels. Just like Lorn, her partner.

But then she felt a very distinct wave of energy. Crisp like air from the anus of Pentron-G. It made her heart hurt in a very familiar way. Arcane. So she followed it.

She saw when the Nexus Rings exploded like a spike bomb. Sending out a burst of *cracks* as if the very air were a fragile glass. Except they were alive. The cracks flared about, lashing out like the tentacles of an enraged octopus.

The Nexus Rings didn't open a doorway in time, nor did they bridge the veil of reality. No, it punched a fragile universe and the multiverse reacted in turn.

Cracks burst open. Soundless. No perceivable sensory. Just the lashes of the cosmic threads.

Aconyx saw herself in one crack. Another crack showed her uncle—conquering Gavion-zero, instead of liberating it. Lada Agapiya conquering the galaxy. A woman

galloping with a silent roar through a muddy trench as a hailstorm of bullets rained on her. She felt familiar. *Kinda*.

Aconyx saw the possibilities and variables come together as one. Destruction and disease.

The bowels of Pentron-G swelled like a pregnant woman. A cosmic being burst out; she blinked. If the vacuum of space allowed it, she could have perceived the reek of

Pentron-G's demise as the cosmic being shredded everything.

Then...she saw it. Zaldoria. Her purpose..

Her breath seized as she watched her home bathing in the glory of its twin suns. Lilac and orange. Just looking at it filled her with an energy she hadn't felt in a long time. She grinned.

But then she blinked and it was gone. Replaced by a world of vast nothingness.

The BlackWorld.

As if on cue, a white light exploded from the Nexus Rings. It blinded her, keeping her disoriented for five seconds. And when her vision cleared, the containment sphere had settled. All the scientists stood still, petrified. The leaks had been sealed. And an eerie inactivity dominated the sphere.

Like the calm after a storm.

Aconyx took a step away from the viewport.

Breathing. That was all she could do. In and out in slow succession as if it would change what she saw – *a vast nothingness*. A hunger so ancient even the veil of reality couldn't ensnare it.

At first, she thought this model of the Nexus Rings was her ticket home. It is. But, for so long, she had concentrated on one thing that she lost sight of the big pixel. The BlackWorld.

A plague she and her uncle did the impossible for a chance to cure. A task she had forgotten to pursue.

A vast nothingness.

She turned around and started down the corridor, back the way she came. Her breaths matched her steps as the weight in her heart slowed her pace. She never belonged in this era, this reality. And it never ceased to remind her.

Her steps quickened.

But the BlackWorld was still spreading, eating all in its path...she exhaled. With a thought, her helmet morphed over her head from her biosuit.

She might never get to go back home – *a vast nothingness* – but the BlackWorld must be cut off. That was her oath to Zaldoria.

Her steps remained steady. And her dagger responded to her decision even before she figured out the 'how' and 'what'. It glowed, harnessing the Arcane in her core. If it were a proper Harness, she wouldn't be second guessing her chances of surviving this decision. Her hair began to crackle subtly with a green-like electric feel. Subtle and stable.

She swallowed hard as she reached a walled-off area of Sublevel B.

This is your purpose… She shuddered, closing her eyes; *it's time to stop being Aconyx.* An involuntary sigh escaped her lips; *you are Kar'velharra…*

You're unbreakable.

4.

LOCATION: Facility B6, Quantum Technologies.

NEXUS POINT: Somewhere in Deep-Space.

TEMPORAL STAMP: Star date 106991.043 — Earth date 3914 AD

<< >>< << >>< << >>< << >>< << >>< << >>< >>< >> >>< >>

Gaul had spent a third of his life tinkering with inventions capable of wiping out an average planet. But never had he been so panicked, uncertain.

So close to death.

He sighed, running a shaky hand through his mane. Rubbing his left thigh absentmindedly as he watched his team. They all moved like half-minded robots, just as terrified as he.

He sighed again; death is a generous word, multiversal annihilation sounds accurate.

On the bright side, though, Project TOK performed marvelously – until it ran out of power and tore everything

inside out. But it worked perfectly for fifty-two seconds.

Fifty-two damn seconds. He licked his lips, trying to hold back the chuckle. That was probably enough time to transport an entire star system to another universe.

You just survived the most chaotic prototype trial in history, don't think now. Just rest.

Gaul massaged his thigh, helping the blood flow to his third knee properly. It didn't help, his mind refused to rest.

He was already mulling over the *Crystal Orb* that powered the TOK's Nexus Rings.

When the Arcane community elders gave him the orb, he doubted it. He didn't believe something so small could be so powerful.

Fifty-two damn seconds...what was that, like the energy of six supernovas? Or maybe...

"Dr. Faulkner." He snapped his head up to see Frmaniy, head of the Highsecurity squad, standing before him with his usual blank expression.

Gaul frowned. Highsecurity wasn't allowed in the containment sphere, even the Genniz brothers didn't have unsupervised access.

"Please, come with me, Dr."

Gaul started to speak but then he stopped. He picked the neurochip beside him and attached it to his temple. He

activated the mind comms…his brain felt fuzzy.

- What's going on? -

"There was…" Frmaniy stopped. He looked around the sphere to see that the other scientists and engineers had stopped cleaning up, wondering the same thing as Gaul.

Frmaniy cleared his throat and turned back to Gaul; "I need your attention on sublevel B."

The first thing that came to Gaul's mind was Kriim Genniz's little pleasure project.

Experiment 309. The clone of a deceased Arcane community heroine, more like a terrorist.

Gaul sighed, he always knew this would happen. 309 would one day wake up and kill everything in sight.

Or wake up and become the first consensual paranormal sex toy. *In your dreams Kriim*.

Gaul followed Frmaniy, going through the subbasement containment levels and up two levels to Sublevel B. Signs of carnage greeted them.

Burnt holes. Blood and brain particles lined the corridors. Scourge marks from energy-chargers and collapsed walls with iron rods jutting out like teeth.

At least 309 didn't blow the whole facility up.

Gaul didn't mind the Highsecurity guards standing around, nor the cleaners hard at work.

He followed Frmaniy into Sublevel B control room to find it empty, save for Kriim's displeased frown on the largest Holoscreen.

He would have mocked or teased, but he wasn't in the mood. He didn't even bother to look at the other Holoscreens displaying how badly wounded Sublevel B was.

"Mr Genniz," Frmaniy greeted, locking the door. "I have Dr..."

"I can see that, Frmaniy," Kriim snarled, "can you guess what happened here?" "Yo-yo-your..."

"Use the damn mind comm, Dr!" Gaul blinked, taking an involuntary step back. He looked at Frmaniy but the head of Highsecurity was blank as ever.

He sighed and activated the mind comms.

- I told you genetic coding is outside my expertise and the pods were not designed for Paranormals like 309. Hers... -

"Show him the footage, Frmaniy."

Gaul turned, confused. Frmaniy pressed a button and Kriim's face shrank to a little box, giving way for recorded footage. Gaul didn't understand it at first.

What's the big issue with nine Highsecurity guards walking down a hallway?

Then he saw them access a restricted area. Their wristbands – it was exactly the same translucent wristband on Kriim's wrist. The same ones he traded for the Crystal Orb…*no, no, no, no*…They are Stingers.

He blinked. He blinked twice more, it wasn't a hallucination.

The air felt heavier as he replayed his deal with the Arcane community elders over and over in his head. They didn't say they'd raid so soon. Carnage wasn't part of the deal either. Why wou…?

"Just look at his face, Frmaniy." Frmaniy didn't look, though. Kriim continued, "Do you even know what they took?"

- It isn't what it looks like, I swear, I was…-

"I asked a damn question, Gaul!" Gaul flinched.

He wanted to think they took a hauler-load of railguns and rifles. But then he looked around. Exactly fifteen Holoscreens stared back at him, evidence that the Stingers took more than rifles.

On one Holoscreen, the vault for his prototype Arcane Harness suits stood empty. *That's bad.*

The clone pods section was vandalized and Experiment 309 was missing. *Of course, they took their heroine with them.*

Then his gaze shifted downward and he saw it. Project TOK's core-room. Ransacked… He felt his heart drop. His

third knee gave out and he barely caught himself on the control panel.

His remodeled schematics for the Nexus Rings, TOK's core drive…gone. *Oh, no. Oh, God no.*

That's literally everything any lackluster engineer would need to rebuild TOK from scratch. Maybe even remodel the Nexus Rings.

Except they wouldn't know that TOK would become a wrecking ball if it weren't powered with an Arcane source. Nor how to modulate its paradox index.

And they wouldn't realize that the universe is at stake.

Oh Gaul, what have you done?

5.

LOCATION: Gual's home, Prigaria - Arcane community hideout.

NEXUS POINT: Dxxone System, Quadrant VII8

TEMPORAL STAMP: Star date 106991.087 — Earth date 3914 AD

<< >>< << >>< << >>< << >>< << >>< << >>< >>< >> >>< >>

Gaul expected a hole in his head. Or at least spend his life in some solitary prison, not in retirement.

But the Genniz brothers kept it quiet, trying to evade the eyes prying on their work with the Arcane. Still, Gaul expected some anti-Arcane institution would knock on his door any minute.

Four weeks now – *nothing*.

Gaul lay naked on the sands of his rooftop, watching the skies as he fingered the new scar on his temple. Waiting to feel the heat of Prigaria's sunrise. Especially its soothing

effect if dew moisture was on the skin. But his mind was far from enjoying the smell or seeing the beauty of home.

Project TOK wasn't a machine of destruction. But it could become an annihilator.

What could the Arcane community possibly want with something like that? Where will they get the resources to build it?

More importantly, when will they respond to his messages?

As if on cue, his *infopad* binged on the floor, vibrating the sand around it. Gaul double-tapped the screen without looking, expecting another junk message. Except he didn't hear any messages.

He picked it up only to find a triple-chain mindscope encrypted message from an unknown location. Gaul swallowed. The Arcane community.

He picked himself up and bobbed inside, cursing the ache in his third knee.

They didn't give him a decryption key last time, and, of course, those Cinderslags upgraded their encryption.

The sun was at its peak when he finally got in. The message was just simple coordinates. Here on Prigaria.

The Arcane community is on Prigaria? Gaul got into the *plash* room. Four minutes later he was lacing his sneakers. The next minute, he had his hovercar primed for maximum speed towards the coordinates.

His first experience with the Arcane community was years ago. Long before he joined Quantum Technologies.

All Gaul did was help a dying man off the street.

He didn't know whom he was helping until Earth's anti-Arcane institution, EGRI, knocked on his door. He could have surrendered the man while he was unconscious. But the *'kill one, save a million'* phrase seemed impractical at the time. So he gave the man a chance to survive.

That 'honorable deed' earned him respect with the Arcane community two months ago.

Although Gaul hated the aches of waking up in a *cryopod* after being drugged. Then blindfolded as he was escorted down corridors towards the Arcane community elders.

It was that same deed that got him this opportunity.

Fifty steps left, twenty steps right. No, that's wrong. After a while, he gave up counting.

Soon, his escorts took him through a creaking double door, and the echo of footfalls changed immediately. They stopped after two dozen steps, standing at attention.

They'd entered the council chamber.

"Gaul Faulkner." He'd recognize that voice anywhere. Hal Geiogomej. Leader of the Arcane community, the supposedly innocent man he saved all those years ago.

Gaul wanted to take his blindfold off. He decided against it. Hal was the only reason he wasn't in cuffs; no need to push

boundaries.

“It-it-it’s…”

“We have a telepath,” another voice said, “just think.”

But of course, they have a telepath.

- It’s an honor to be… -

“Save the go false pleasantries,” A third voice said, “we know why you’re here.”

- Then you will tell me why you stole my grandest work? -

“You think we can’t handle something made from our heritage? Arcane is in our blood. Your machine is ours by right.” The second said, a hint of venom in his voice.

- I… -

Gaul stopped. He turned around, trying to get a sense of where the Elders were.

He gave up.

- Project TOK is more than just an Arcane machine. You have to understand, the machine cannot be taken with levity. I have seen…I barely survived it. Everything will be wiped out. You have to listen to me, please -

Silence. Gaul turned around again, unsure if his words were too abstract. Unsure if he communicated the stakes correctly. He opened his mouth, deciding to use his voice no matter how much he stuttered.

“What exactly do you want from us, Gaul?” Hal said, cutting Gaul off.

- I'd prefer if you destroyed the core drive and burned the schematics. Even Quantum Technologies can't recreate Project TOK without the core drive -

"But you can just build another core drive, can't you?" The third voice said. Gaul pulled the blindfold down, just enough to show the scar on his temple. Beneath it is an irremovable microbot programmed to detonate if his brainwaves grew too strong.

- I have taken an oath never to engineer anything again. No one, not in another hundred or thousand years, can make TOK work. -

Silence. It was starting to irk him. He decided to wait it out. It took two minutes before Hal spoke up;

"Your worries are not lost to us, Gaul. But," He paused, "there's nothing we can do about this Project TOK. It wasn't among the things we raided."

- Wha... -

"However," Hal cut him off, "you are among the very few that see us as living beings, and treat us as such. Hence, we'll extend this last courtesy."

Gaul swallowed.

"One of our Stingers went rogue and left the raid in shambles. We lost a few men, but it was worth the sacrifice."

- Who went rogue? How-how can I find them? -

Hal scoffed. He exhaled but continued nonetheless;

“Her name is Aconyx. You may know her as just Kara.” Hal paused only for a bit, “and as dangerous as your machine may be, hers is not an average intellect. And I’m not sure if I should curse her intentions, or pray for her success.”

“After all, this reality isn’t very kind to ‘Cinderslags’.”

———

Kara… Ka-ra.

Gaul rolled the name over in his mind, trying to put a memory to it. He caressed the scar on his temple. Watching the clouds rush by as his hovercar headed back home on autopilot. Trying to remember where he heard the name before.

It was futile. He brought up a Holoscreen from the hovercar dashboard.

He typed the name and it brought up local cuisines. He reconfigured the search locale, expanding to intergalactic databases. Filtered in Arcane and paranormal. And ‘Execute’.

It took a few seconds longer than his personal Holoscreen, the result eventually came through. And the first thing he saw made him blink. It was EGRI’s top priority wanted list, the first name is Kara. But that wasn’t how he recognized her. It was her brown-green hair.

Six years ago, he saw the news of a mad billionaire who built a time machine in the Himalayas. It exploded and caused one of the biggest temporary fluctuations in Earth's history.

If...no, Gaul was sure Kara had the core drive.

His breath came short. It felt like a warm sandpaper caressing his heart. Sending smaller sandpapers through his veins. *What have I done?* In the fright of destruction, he had rendered the fate of the universe to a terrorist. Someone willing to shatter it all.

Gaul didn't realize when he hailed the intergalactic law enforcement bureau. He wasn't thinking when he asked to be redirected to Iron of the World's headquarters. He had forgotten how many Arcane atrocities he would be charged with when he made his report;

"I'm Dr Gaul Faulkner, and the galaxy is about to shatter."

...

“ Woe be the worlds for le soil allow these shattered souls.
Woe be le all. “

- The Cloaked Guide

A Note from the Author

You have made Kar'velharra Unbound more than just a story, this is for you.

My gratitude extends to Mobolu, my editing persona. A terrible friend in the best of ways, thanks for your unrelenting threats. And to everyone at Dabble Campus who gave suggestions on book cover design and improvement, thank you all.

And to you: you could have been anywhere, but you chose to be here, in this story with me.

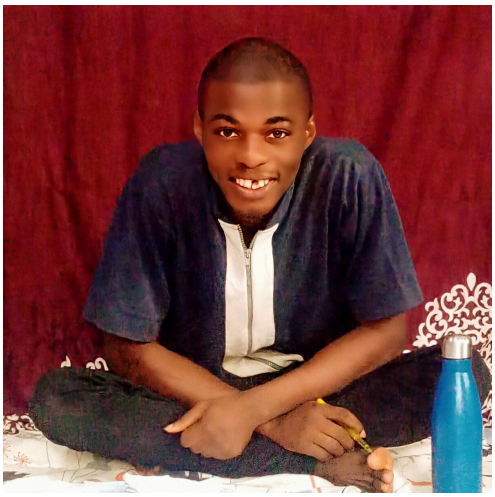
My worlds are too perilous to be traveled alone—your kinship lights the spark that keeps them alive. Thank you, it means everything.

Travel more with me into a mythic world long forgotten to all known realms. Godbreaker, another short story I'm gifting to my readers, is the story of a princess breaking under the

burden of loyalty. Join my reader cycle and get it in your inbox today. Or get it for free on Amazon.

You're no longer just a reader. You're with me, Unbreakable.

Every story I write is another corridor between us. There will be more to come, but first, don't forget your gift.



About the Author

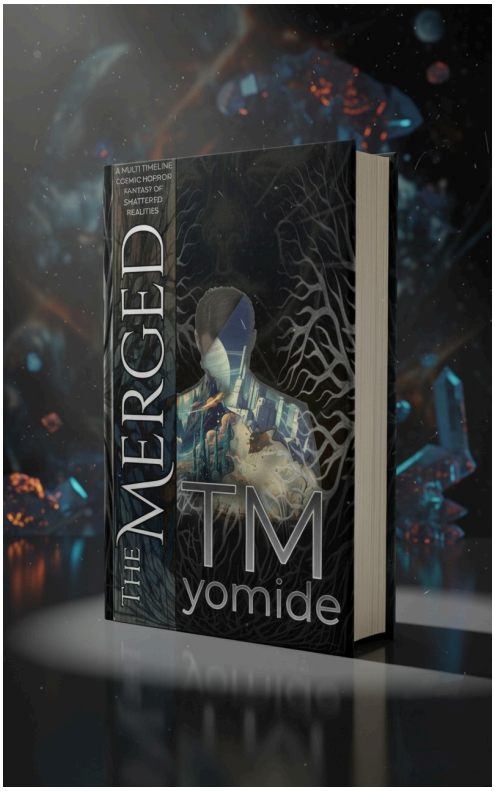
TM Yomide writes epic stories that blend science fiction and fantasy into dark, cosmic worlds. Born in Lagos, Nigeria, he was raised across several cities, acquiring a perspective shaped by movement. When he is not crafting flawed protagonists and pitching fate against free will, he dives into human psychology at the University of Lagos. He's a dog person and an MCU fan. His quest into the vast unknown is perilous, but he vows to remain unbreakable as he writes his next book.

You can connect with me on:

- https://linktr.ee/tmyomide

Also by TM yomide

Coming soon — Jan 26, 2026



The Merged

https://www.amazon.com/dp/B0FWG7SWD7

One fractured man across three timelines: a soldier in World War I, a future agent, and a warrior in a world of gods. Their

fates collide and a choice is given to them: annihilation of

the multiverse or a cosmic vengeance. One man, three realities, one fate.

Dive in and witness a tale of shattered realities.